

there to be found so delightful a ride for the wheelman as that from Buffalo to Niagara Falls, and thence through Stamford to St. David's, Queenston and Niagara-on-the-Lake. It affords a combination of all that is delightful to the senses—side paths like silk, shady avenues, exquisite prospects. There are two noble panoramas—that of the Falls, as seen from the upper steel bridge, and that of the lower Niagara River, as seen from Queenston Heights. Nor is the historical sense left without stimulation. Almost every mile along the way is associated with some daring deed, or some eventful contest. Here the gallant Miller made his famous dash at the battery; there Winfield Scott surrendered; there Sir Isaac Brock fell; there Laura Secord, the heroine of Canadian story, started out on her famous midnight walk.

It is impossible in reading the story of the War of 1812 as it affected the peninsula not to feel a warm sympathy with the people who were fighting for their homes and for their historic flag. Now at the close of the nineteenth century, when the Republic has asserted itself as not the least among the great nations of the earth, her historians are beginning to do justice to the colonists, who, differing from the majority in the great struggle of the Revolution, were branded as Tories, credited with countless crimes and misdemeanors they were never guilty of, and ruthlessly expelled from their homes. As United Empire Loyalists in their new domicile in Upper Canada, they established on the shores of Lake Ontario a community marked by all the essential excellencies which the modern social philosopher delights to enumerate as he contemplates the America of our day.

At the time of the war the population of the whole province was about 85,000; now it is 2,225,000. The people may well be proud of the repu-

tation they enjoy. An incident which happened to me may serve to illustrate this. As I was skimming along from Tonawanda one morning, after a visit to Buffalo, a piece of slag in the treacherous cinderpath punctured my hind tire. A pleasant-faced woman, aided by her family, all bright and helpful, repaired the injury, the husband, who carried on the business, being absent. I told her I was returning to Niagara Falls, Ontario. Inferring (wrongly) from this that I was a Canadian, she remarked that Canadians often stopped at the repair-shop. "And every one of them has treated us well," she continued. "I wish I could say the same of the people on this side, although I am an American myself."

The scene of the most bitterly contested battle of the war is close to the great cataract. The eminence for the possession of which so many brave men lost their lives is now crowned by an unæsthetic observatory tower. Across the way is the quiet cemetery by the Presbyterian Church, where many of the dead lie buried. To the Canadians the spot awakens memories similar to those of Bannockburn and Marathon. It was here that the last of four successive invasions of their soil was sturdily and definitely repulsed. A monument has been erected by the parliament of the province in honor of the patriots who fought on that memorable evening in July, 1814, and, after the hardest of struggles conquered.

Most American visitors, remembering the account of the battle as given in their school histories, are puzzled, amused or chagrined at the confidence with which the keeper of the Lundy's Lane Observatory insists that the inscription on the monument is wholly justified by the facts of the case. When they begin to investigate matters for themselves they are mortified. They find that they have been fooled by their school histories. The follow-